

LADIES' LITERARY MUSEUM; OR,



WEEKLY REPOSITORY.

"FIDELITY PERPETUA."

THE WHITE COTTAGE.

(Continued.)

Mrs. Foster had not been so warmly patronised by lady Wills, on account of her unfortunate talent of speaking her mind on all occasions, as Mrs. Hopkins had; and the preference shown to the latter had occasioned certain emotions of envy and mortification to rankle in Mrs. Foster's mind, and frequently to burst forth into violent expressions; she would in the most ingenuous terms speak her mind of lady Wills to Mrs. Hopkins, and of Mrs. Hopkins to herself. She now believed an opportunity offered for retaliation; and that she should be able, by establishing herself upon good terms with Mrs. Sinclair, to play her off upon Mrs. Hopkins against lady Wills. It is true, Mrs. Sinclair had no title to boast of; but she had lived in high style in Grosvenor-square, and (she said) looked much more of a lady than lady Wills did—'and as for Miss Douglass, she is as far superior to any of the Miss Willises, nay, to all of them put together, as the sun is to a farthing rush-light.' She was sure Mr. Foster would admire her vastly, for he was so fond of fine women! and Mrs. Sinclair was quite the gentlewoman, tho she was only dressed in a plain white gown. 'I declare I thought she looked like a queen. I shall very soon make a party, and invite her niece to it.' 'Her niece!' said Mrs. Hopkins scornfully 'Yes, Mrs. Hopkins, her niece. I know what you mean, but I don't think her at all like her, not at all.' 'O, my stars! (exclaimed Mrs. Hopkins,) not like her! why it struck me the first moment I saw her; and it must strike every one who do not wilfully shut their eyes.' 'I am not so keen as you, I suppose,' said Mrs. Foster.

Mrs. Foster was one of those characters who imagine the greatest virtue consists in an openness of

manner that holds the mirror up to every one's view, whether it reflects personal deformity, mental incapacity, or any peculiarities of dress or manner. But with all this love for truth, the qualities we most love and admire in others were not brought before her all-reflective mirror; and she loved to notice defects rather than beauties, and the disagreeable rather than the agreeable. Her praise of Mrs. Sinclair arose as much from a spirit of opposition to Mrs. Hopkins, as from any genuine admiration she felt.

While these visits of curiosity and ceremony were passing, Julia and Ellen were almost daily associates; every day developed to each other their tastes and sentiments, and cemented more closely their bond of friendship. 'I almost believed myself (said Ellen) of an ungrateful nature, or incapable of any attachment beyond that I entertain for my parents and brother: for, much as I have endeavored to find pleasure in the society of Arabella Hopkins or Catharine Foster, I have never succeeded. I believe them very well-meaning girls, particularly the latter; but I could not enjoy their conversation—and I fear they have thought me fastidious or unkind.' 'How have you employed, how have you amused yourself, Ellen?' 'My dear mother was my mistress, till our sad misfortunes, so rapidly succeeding each other, rendered her incapable of attending to me. I then became my father's pupil; and, O Julia! I fear you will think me an odd and perhaps an ungrateful girl, when I tell you that I had more pleasure in my father's than in my mother's instructions. I not only read to him, but had access to his library, and literally banquetted like a little book-worm on his pages. I had no taste or order in my selections—my wish was to read all; and I have frequently sat for an hour looking at them before I could determine what volume to read. I have wandered over the pages of Orlando Furioso simply

because it told of high heroic deeds; and my infant eye was delighted with the war horses and knights in armor that were represented in the engravings. Even Chaucer, tho in black letter, I used to pore over; and often lost myself and my wits amongst volumes I could not fully comprehend, but which delighted me from the kind of amazement they produced, and perhaps by the marvellous events they described. I used to give my whole soul to the plays of Shakspeare. How often have I walked up and down the long grass walk in our gaarden (fortunately it is straight) with a volume of this immortal bard, forgetful of our hours for meals and even prayer!—and when I have closed it, thought I never could read any thing else! But when I have in the folly of my heart talked of these things to my young companions here, they have laughed or wondered, and their mothers would tell me I should certainly lose my senses if I continued the habit of reading such odd books. My dear father, who used frequently to see the authors I was perusing, would only smile; and thus, as I was unchecked by him in my favorite pursuits, I could not feel much respect for the advice of others: so I grew up the strange girl you find me, Julia, believing myself to be so unlike any other human being, that I was neither formed to love or to be loved by any but my parents and my brother. O Julia, such a brother! so kind, so indulgent, so obedient, so good, so clever! But you will see him in a few weeks.' 'I am not only curious but anxious to see him; for goodness and talents combined, form a character we all must love. But let me hear a little more of yourself, my dear Ellen; for, odd as you may have been, or as you fancy you are, my heart tells me I love you, and I am sure my aunt does too: therefore you have gained two friends beyond the circle of your own family. Do you understand French or Italian? I know you draw.' 'I can read French—my brother taught it me when at home; but I must confess that my passion for reading English authors made me prefer books in that language which I best understood—and I submitted to the study of acquiring another, more to please my brother than to gratify myself. I associated with no one who spoke it, and therefore it was not useful: and in truth I believe my taste is too English to permit me to enjoy many French authors—I cannot like their poetry, tho I often admire the sentiments. Of Italian I am ignorant, and I draw very little, tho you mentioned that as one of the things, the very few things, Julia, which I have attained. I possess no accomplishment of any kind: in truth, I am a plain, unlessoned girl, unschooled, unpractised. Happy in this, I am not yet so old but I may learn.' 'Happier in this, not bred so dull but you may learn!' (replied Julia.) But you sing, Ellen, and sing sweetly.' 'They are wood-notes wild, (said Ellen,) and tho my simple songs delight my father and mother, they cannot please an ear of taste and science like yours, Julia.' 'We will not talk of my taste and science, Ellen. My aunt, who possesses both, loves the simple melody of your voice, and wishes you sometimes to sing with us.' 'Does she? (said Ellen,)—if I have courage I shall be delighted. How pleased will Edmund be if I am improved in singing, or any thing!' 'Does he like mu-

sic?' 'O it is a passion with him—and much as he has applied himself to study, he has found some time to devote to music, and in my opinion plays on the violin and sings very finely.' 'We shall have charming concerts,' said Julia. 'I wish, Ellen, you would read French with me—it would induce me to pursue it. And will you draw with me?—every employment will be dearer to me if you participate in it.' Ellen was happy to profit by her friend's offer of instruction; for so it really was, as Julia's education had been received from the very first instructors. Formed both upon a moral and religious basis, and under the immediate control and observance of her aunt, it had all the exterior polish that the highest accomplishments could bestow, and all the solidity that intellectual studies could promote. The mind was stored as well as graced; whilst her person and manner had every attraction of fashion, the native charm of pure benevolence, cheerfulness, kindness, and playfulness, shone conspicuously in every act and word. To such an one, neither Mr. nor Mrs. Herbert could refuse the society of their daughters: and they believed that she would derive advantages from Julia such as their retired situation had prevented her from attaining.

Julia inquired what kind of girls the miss Willses were. Ellen said, tho they were upon perfectly easy and familiar terms with them, there was no attachment of congenial minds; and that, as she could not either approve or admire, she had rather not describe them. Bertha, the youngest, she said, who was about thirteen, tho a sadly neglected child, was the only one she felt an interest in; and she often wished she could play the gipsy and steal her away from her parents, who seemed to dislike her; and her sisters were perfectly indifferent about her. The poor girl was therefore left to run wild about the house and grounds, and be the companion of the servants, who seeing her disliked by the family, and driven from the parlor, treated her with little respect in the kitchen. 'Does she feel this unkindness?' said Julia. 'She begins to feel it, I think, (replied Ellen,) but she is a very shy girl, and she does not say much.'

Mrs. Sinclair had now her 'jog-trot horse' and low open chaise; and in roads so little frequented by travellers as those about them, she had no fear of driving herself and Julia, attended by a servant on horseback. In this manner they explored the beautiful lanes, admired the picturesque views, the little villages, and the neat cottages. Sometimes, when a prospect of peculiar loveliness attracted them, and they were unable to examine all its features, in the common track, they would alight, and walk across a field or climb a hill. Ellen occasionally supplied the place of Julia, and, being better acquainted with the country, was the guide and entertaining companion of Mrs. Sinclair, who was pleased with these opportunities of more fully understanding her mind and character. Formed in retirement upon the strong base of virtue, with no model for imitation, it had at once simplicity, strength, and originality. Never having met with a companion whose tastes and pursuits assimilated with her own, and timidly shrinking from observation, she had acquired a habit of silence and reserve in the society of every person but her parents.

(To be continued.)

Anecdotes and Scraps.

Early Marriages.—Tacitus says, early marriages makes us immortal. It is the soul and chief prop of empire. That man who resolves to live without woman, and that woman who resolves to live without man, are enemies to the community in which they dwell, injurious to themselves, destructive to the world, apostates from nature, rebels against heaven and earth.

Knockers. English doors have knockers instead of bells, and there is an advantage in this not at first perceivable. A bell, by whomever it be pulled, must always give the same sound: but a knocker may be so handled, as to explain who plays upon it, and accordingly has its systematic set of signals. The post-man comes with two loud and rapid raps, such as no person but himself ever gives. One very loud one marks the news-man. A single knock of less vehemence denotes a servant or other messenger. Visitors give three or four. Footmen or coachmen always more than their masters: and the master of every family has usually his particular touch, which is immediately recognised.

An old man had a large estate; and at the solicitations of his children, upon promises of the kindest treatment, he made it all over to them. Immediately their conduct towards him changed. Instead of 'honored father,' it was—'*The Old Man.*' In the place of 'what will you choose for dinner, sir?' it was—'*there's your porridge.*'

A lady having dropped hot sealing wax on her hand, complained of the pain it occasioned. "Console yourself, madam," said Mr. C—, to her, "a lady never appears more charming to lovers of sentiment, than when she has *Burns* in her hand."

A lady having torn her dress, a gentleman said to her, I perceive, madam, you are a land holder, for you are increasing your *rents*.

A gentleman not much used in literary affairs, asked a Hybernian friend, what was the meaning of *posthumous works*, "Oh, (exclaimed Pat) don't you know that? why they are books which a man writes after he is dead."

One of the society of Friends, took a suspicion that his wood was diminishing with unusual rapidity. In consequence of this conjecture, he began to watch at nights, and soon discovered the plunderer, whom he knew to be one of his neighbors. Next morning he went to a wharf, and bought a cord of wood. He directed the carter to cast it before the door of the thief. The man, surprised by such a circumstance, enquired what the design was of doing so? "Friend, (replied his benefactor,) I do not wish thee to break thy neck from the top of my wood-heap."

DESCRIPTION OF THE PARISIANS.

By a Mameluke.

It is now the opening of spring. What strange creatures these Frenchmen are! To hear them speak, they are just arrived at the end of the season of pleasures.—The end of pleasures! yet nature is now awakening.

With them pleasure is nothing but a word, amusement an intrigue, joy an agitation, enjoyment a change, and employment the only object. Pleasure is in all their mouths; but is a word without meaning. A Frenchman has the pleasure of seeing you, of writing to you, the pleasure of meeting you, the pleasure of hearing you, though all this time you are perfectly indifferent to him. The word pleasure also ascertains the rank which you hold in his esteem. He has the honor of writing to his superiors; he has the pleasure of writing to his equals; he writes without either of these terms to his inferiors. He oftentimes despises the man to whom he addresses the word honor; he oftentimes gapes over the letter which he has the pleasure of writing; oftentimes the society of him to whom he applies neither honor nor pleasure is that in which he most delights, and most esteems. Surround a Frenchman with what he calls charming, delightful, every thing voluptuous in life, he will be just the same being as before.

The spectacles!—The Frenchmen run eagerly after them, the lower classes especially. People of bon ton, notwithstanding their bon ton, in this particular, do not differ from the vulgar. There is no contending against the national character. They must have spectacles. To them they fly every day; and every day they exclaim, while departing from the theatre, "detestable!" In the works of living authors, according to them, every thing is miserable. Every thing is sublime in those of the dead. They have a Corneille, a Racine, a Moliere, of whom they never cease speaking, and yet their pieces never appear.

Their carnival has just ended. This year has restored it to them after an interval of ten. This folly they carry even to madness. They deck themselves out in grotesque dresses; they cover their faces with a false visage, which they call a mask; and, thus equipped, enter the lists. It is a comical sight to behold the extreme bustle of all those immoveable countenances. The body is all action, while every feature in the face of the figure is fixed as in death. Dress, gait, manner, voice—all is disguise. They envelope themselves in all the liveries of falshood to enjoy the privilege, as they say, of speaking truth. But what truth can be expected from the lips of a man who tries every art to conceal himself from every one whom he accosts? The days of the masquerade are nothing but an exchange of ill-nature, scandal, and calumny. They think that they have spoken truth when they have rubbed their reputations against each other until they are become all soiled, crushed, and lacerated. This is just as if a person should ask a volcano, "What are you doing?" and it should answer, "I am organizing."

"We are all compelled to follow the same course: the urn of death is shaken for all, and sooner or later the lot must come forth."

"Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
"That I must speak of thee."

The following, sent by an unknown hand, has been some time delayed. The prefatory note is so ambiguous, that in fact we could not determine whether to style it an *original* or a *selection*. We have, however, preferred the first; relying on the goodness of our readers, in case we are wrong to excuse the error.

[For this Museum.]

Mr. Editor—Should the following beautiful tale, in the original dress I have given it, be deemed worthy a place in your respectable Museum, you would oblige a subscriber and constant reader by giving it an early insertion.

ELLEN.

ALPHEA....A TALE.

Alphea was the sole offspring of parents, respectable from their opulence and spotless reputation. Her father died, and left his daughter, yet an infant, to the care of her mother. Mrs. Sedley had the most tender heart, and but one failing disgraced it—it was that of ostentation; she saw, with delight, that her child increased every day in beauty, wit, and sweetness of disposition. At ten years of age she was extolled as a prodigy, and promised, at some distant period, to prove a distinguished ornament to her family.

Time rolled on quickly. Alphea arrived at her sixteenth year, and then entered into the world as a woman. Her learning was great; her reading had been extensive, and gave her a romantic turn of mind; to which may be added, a soul susceptible of the most delicate feelings. Her beauty caused strange havoc among the hearts of many; the men courted—the women envied her. She never appeared at any public place but a crowd of admirers proffered their services, and she had the satisfaction of seeing herself loaded with attentions, whilst the hateful looks of some few, whose breasts were rankled with the gall of envy, completed her triumphs, and added fresh laurels to the conquests she had made.

Mrs. Sedley contemplated this with pleasure; she was overjoyed at the attentions paid her darling, because she had too much faith in her prudence to suspect any dangers that might ensue.—Alphea found herself the common topic of discourse in the politest circles. Amidst so many temptations, she long preserved her heart free, but contracted an abundant desire of adulation; and, in little more than a twelvemonth, became dissatisfied with every one who she conceived did not pay a just tribute to her inimitable accomplishments.

Among those who followed her steps wherever she displayed her fascinating charms, and endea-

vored to insinuate themselves into her affection, was sir William Stanford, the only surviving son of a rich country baronet, who had, a short time before, sunk under the weight of bodily infirmities, and journeyed to a higher tribunal, to receive the rewards due to him, for a life spent in the exercise of every social and moral duty. Of sir William's qualities we will not now enter into a dissertation; his behavior in the sequel will be a sufficient enumeration. He sighed for the privilege of calling the lovely Alphea his own, and felt for her an affection which words would too feebly describe. Alphea easily penetrated into his character; she was determined to sacrifice every pleasure to the welfare and content of her husband, when she *should* enter into the marriage state; but she felt the greatest pleasure in the adoration paid her, and determined to enjoy it to the utmost, before she resigned her liberty to the sovereign will of one man alone. She told Stanford,—that he might be sure of her esteem, but her love she would reserve till future years, that it might be in her power to bestow it where it might seem likely to act most congenially to her solid happiness and comfort. Stanford was compelled to rest contented with this reply, and, with her permission, continued his visits, in hopes that assiduity might, in time, procure him the treasure he had fixed on as the boundary of his desires. In the mean time he applied to the mother, for her influence in persuading her daughter; but it was refused, for she was too good to bias her child's inclination in an article so important; and, besides (though her situation in life by no means justified the supposition), she did not doubt but Alphea's perfections would ensure her the splendor of a coronet.

At this period there arrived from his travels, a nobleman, whom we shall introduce under the name of Lorenzo. The charms of his own person were, in his opinion, so enchanting, that he could scarcely think of any thing else. He was a *pretty gentleman*—had made the *grand tour*, and, among the many valuable qualifications reaped by young men who visit foreign kingdoms; had not forgot that fashionable one, of despising the country that gave him birth, more than any other.

He became acquainted with Alphea at a ball given by her mother, and put in practice all the arts of love he had so long studied; she understood him well, and at parting, they were in raptures with each other. From that evening, he became a daily visitor at the house. Mrs. Sedley was overjoyed at this new conquest, and her ingenious invention promoted her daughter, by regular gradations, to the exalted station of first peeress of the realm.

Every day Lorenzo appeared more agreeable to the gay Alphea. The mild Stanford was no longer remembered; he found himself treated with

neglect, and summoned courage sufficient to visit his estate in the country for a few weeks, and endeavor to forget an object which caused him so much pain. He had many accomplishments, and did not doubt of finding an inexhaustible fund of amusement in the resources of his own fertile mind.

Alphea had an uncle who loved her tenderly, and from whom she had high expectations in regard to fortune; he was one of those men who never rush into any scheme without having "well considered the end." The character of Lorenzo, in time, developed itself, and he was found to be a dissipated gamester. Captain Porton went to his niece, and in presence of the mother, recommended her, on pain of his eternal displeasure, to abandon the misguided Lorenzo. Mrs. Sedley had already seen her error in cherishing him; and Alphea foresaw nothing in future but ruin and misfortune, if she did not renounce him.

Lorenzo had now been acquainted with her for some months, but, amidst the many soft things he had whispered in her ear, and the many happy years he assured her which would be in store for both when they should be united in the silken bands of love, he had never mentioned one word of matrimony. This was a sort of blemish in his tenderness which she had not previously recollected; but, when the public eye began to notice their intimacy, and publish the more deformed parts of his character, this circumstance edged itself into her thoughts with accumulated force; and, as she was naturally very virtuous, memory placed before her a thousand little defects in the conduct of her *charming* lover, which, in the warmth of their affection, she had overlooked.

But the little arch-offspring of Venus had shot his arrow so deep into her heart, that it required the most powerful efforts to clear herself of the dangers which surrounded her. She was blessed with a great share of prudence: the incense of flattery had, for a while, shaded it, but renovated by caution and good advice, it now burst forth with additional splendor. She determined to try the affection of Lorenzo, though the execution should involve her in grief.

In the midst of these lucubrations Lorenzo arrives, adorned with the most engaging charms which nature and art could bestow upon him. He repeated his vows, as he was daily accustomed to do; but had not proceeded far, when sir William Stanford was announced.—Alphea ordered him to be introduced.

"Mercy! madam!" said Lorenzo, "what is the meaning of this? Admit my rival, when I am enjoying a *tete a tete* with you!—Ah! I see I am no longer to you what I have been."

"Your suspicions are unfounded," replied Alphea: "my behavior to you does not justify them. Politeness requires that I should treat Sir William with some respect; and you ought to have

too much confidence in your own merits, to suppose that he is powerful enough to be dangerous."

"True!" replied he, clapping his thigh, and surveying herself: "I believe, I need not be very apprehensive about the poor fellow."

The triumvirate were enjoying a sprightly conversation, when Mrs. Sedley entered.

"Welcome, madam!" said the brisk Lorenzo; "will you not confirm my assertion?—I have been telling Sir William, that this miserable gloominess will never enslave the fair. What think you of my favorite maxim?—Levity is the soul of love—is it not?"

"In some cases it may be," said the good parent, with a contracted brow; "but I will be brief with you, gentlemen.—My daughter is inexperienced; she has seen but little of the world. I have found my error in introducing her too early into fashionable circles. She is yet young; censure will spread, even when there is no cause; and I find it necessary, for my own ease, that she should, for the present, be divested of all male visitors. At some future time your attentions may be more agreeable; and I trust that the good sense both of you possess, will not permit you to be offended at these hints."

Sir William walked to the window, to conceal his agitation.

"But, madam!" resumed the *sprightly* nobleman, "you, surely, do not mean to banish me from the sight of this charming young lady! At least, if I may not visit *her*, you will, surely, permit her to visit *me*: for, absolutely, if I am prevented from visiting her sweet graces, I shall lose the very prop of my existence."

The answer of Mrs. Sedley to this speech may be easily conceived. Without detailing the conversation that ensued, it is sufficient to say, that the two lovers were compelled to obey the sentence. At parting, Lorenzo clasped the hand of Alphea, and said—

"Farewell!—I am going to leave you, but only a short time. I shall be impatient for a few months: I positively cannot be absent any longer."

"A twelvemonth I shall exact as the shortest period," cried Mrs. Sedley.

"—Cruel, cruel, madam!—I shall never be able to endure it. But, perhaps circumstances will come to pass in the interim, which may induce you to shorten it."

"True, my lord," replied she.

Lorenzo departed. Sir William's turn was next.

"Adieu!" sighed she. "My rival's banishment is fixed at a certain distance of time, and I hope mine will not exceed it!"

"When it is expired, we shall be happy to see you," replied the mother and daughter.—This amiable youth then took his leave, and Mrs. Sedley and Alphea were determined to finish the plan they had so successfully begun.

Stanford returned to the country, and endeavored to conquer his grief: he yet lived in hopes, and looked forward, with anxious expectation, to the time when he should be allowed to pay his respects to the idol of his heart.

We have before mentioned captain Porton, the young lady's uncle. It would have been impossible, nor was it consistent with propriety, for Mrs. Sedley, in person, to observe the conduct of the two lovers; the care of the business was, therefore, entrusted to the gentleman above-named.

The twelvemonth, at length, expired, and the worthy captain gave an account of his proceedings. It appeared, that Sir William had conducted himself with the most universal tenderness and humanity; that he had not deviated in the least from his accustomed goodness; and that every proof of the greatest reverence and love for the virtues of Alpheia had been shown by him, both in public and private life, and in situations where it was known that he might have told the true state of his heart, without any suspicion of the secret being divulged to his prejudice.

On the other hand, immediately after quitting the society of Mrs. Sedley, Lorenzo had plunged into the greatest dissipations, and taken a trip to France. He was followed by captain Porton, and it was soon perceived that an elegant equipage, the gaming house, and a handsome *fille de joye*, made ample amends for the loss of our heroine.

Stanford and Lorenzo were punctual to the day, and both were received very graciously by Mrs. Sedley; but the latter lover was surprised at hearing, some days after, that the rival was the intended husband of Alpheia; and he flew to her, and endeavored to ingratiate himself into her favor by those seducing arts he had formerly displayed. But experience had made her wise;—she preferred the dignified feelings of Sir William to the frivolous arts of an insignificant *petit maitre*; and, in a few weeks, was saluted by the name of Lady Stanford.

A short time after her nuptials, Lorenzo was rallied by one of his friends, on being foiled in the plan of marriage.

'Pshaw!' cried he:—'marriage!—the effusions of a silly girl's imagination!—A wife is a piece of furniture whose value always rises or falls in proportion to the weight of one's purse; and we never hazard ourselves in such a situation, unless it is to avoid a more disagreeable one. She would have done me honor as a mistress:—it was to that station I meant to have raised her; and, if a pretty woman will rush into one's arms, who can resist her beauty?'

Alpheia heard of these expressions; 'her heart ascended to the great Creator;' and she returned him thanks for having given her grace to avoid the snares of a villain!

[Communicated for this Museum by a friend.]

ELEGY

To the Memory of MRS. MARIA DE KRAFFT, (wife of Edward De Krafft,) who died at the city of Washington, the 18th of Oct. 1815, in the 23d year of her age. Written by her husband.

Oh, let me live, she said, within your memory,
Till life's last ling'ring pulse shall fade in thee.

E. de K.

And do I live to hear the death-bell toll?
To see her form extended on the bier?
No more to taste her melody of soul,
Nor weep with her the sympathetic tear!

Yes, *I do live!*—To breathe the sickly air!
Yes, LIVE!—To feed on grief and misery!
Yes, LIVE!—To weep with bitterness and care,
Those days that HOPE had promis'd fair to me.

THOUGHT! once the idol which I worshipt true,
No more adds pleasure to my aching mind;
Since she, with whom each early feeling grew,
Has fled, and left sad mem'ry's pangs behind.

Fair nature, once that mov'd my boyish lays,
Now seem my riper feelings to appal;
And FRIENDSHIP, too, clad in its brightest rays,
I loathe—for she has fled who sweeten'd all.

Yet, flow my tears, in torrents flow as free
As rolls Potomac's silent, rapid tide:
For tears are all the solace left to me,
As down life's rugged current I must glide.

Oh, ye, on whom the fates, in early life,
Bestow'd a being of ethereal mind—
In whom were center'd sister! MOTHER! WIFE!
Within whose heart each virtue was confin'd!

Say, if, in that propitious hour of love,
The crueler fates, regardless of felicity,
Stole thy heart's pride!—how did thy pulses move?—
If thou hast lost an ANGEL thus, oh, pity me!

For she was all, and more than ever yet
Bright fancy pictur'd to my ravish'd eye;
More than imagination's dream hath set
On those who dwell in blessedness on high.

Her heart was gentle as the gentle dove,
And virtue in her bosom beat sincere;
Her mind with purity alone did move,
And friendship bound her with maternal care.

Her thoughts were never borne on wings of pride,
But meekness mark'd her dwelling here below:
To others' pangs her gen'rous nature was allied,
And holy pity bade her tears to flow.

Regardless of herself, her greatest joy
On social and domestic scenes was bound:
Each feeling here was bliss without alloy,
And in each care a solace here she found.

Oh, lov'd MARIA! what can ought repay?
Can India's riches—pleasure's brightest boast—
Relieve my griefs? Oh, lov'd Maria, say,
What can repay me for the gem I've lost?

The world, within its mighty whole, has not
One cheering joy that opens, now, to me:
Where'er I look around, all speak my lot—
To live, and measure life with misery.

Tis desert all, and vacant in mine eye,
When gazing on the scenes I lov'd before:
They but recall the agonising sigh,
And sorrow tells me they must bloom no more.

Adieu, ye visions, early fancy drew!
Adieu, ye sons of mirth and revelry!
A nobler prospect brightens to my view,
And JESUS points the gilded way to me.

And thou, MARIA, ever lov'd, farewell!
Thy bright example shall each wish impart,
Till life's last ling'ring pulse shall cease to swell,
And we shall meet above, no more to part.

Sunday Reading.

No. VI.

THE ERA OF PEACE, OR THE TRIUMPHS OF THE CROSS.

The era of revolutions, we trust, is past, by the blessing of God, never to return; and a new and very different era appears now to be opening—the era of peace. An universal peace throughout the earth, in the reign of Augustus, was the glorious harbinger of the birth of the Messiah—and we know, from the sure word of prophecy, that wars shall cease to the ends of the earth, at the dawning of the latter day of glory. May we not hope, that even now the night is far spent; and, with anxious eyes, begin to watch for the morning.

This era has opened with several strong features, which ought to be brought in the most prominent point of view. The British and Foreign Bible Society, with a success almost miraculous, is publishing the Word of Life in every human language, and bestowing it on every human family. Near a thousand auxiliary and branch societies in America, Europe, Asia, and Africa, are already employed in promoting the same glorious object.

The great men of the earth are assuming a new attitude. They are lending their wealth and their influence to the universal diffusion of the Word. Who could have expected, ten or twelve years since, to see the royal family and nobles of England, many of the princes of Germany, the monarch of the Netherlands, the crown prince of Denmark, the king and nobles of Sweden, the king of Prussia, the czar and nobles of Russia, the khans of various tribes of Tartars, and the shah of Persia, all uniting in spreading the Gospel of Peace. In the United States, and England also, the exertions now made to educate missionaries, and to support missions, outstrip all example. Many are now running to and fro throughout the earth, and knowledge is already greatly increased.

To the missionaries of this day, God is saying, in a wonderful manner, 'Go ye swift messengers, to the nations meted out and trodden down, whose lands the rivers have spoiled.' In a manner not less wonderful, God is also saying to the nations of men, 'All ye inhabitants of the earth, look ye, when I lift up an ensign on the mountains! Hear ye, when I blow the trumpet!'

In this country, God has appeared, during this very season, in a manner unusual and glorious, to build up his church. On our colleges, academies, and schools, as well as on congregations, the influences of the Holy Spirit have been poured out to an extent which the American church probably never before witnessed. God, in very deed, has been present, and is still present, in very many of our churches; and His people, in great multitudes, have been willing in this day of His power.

The tidings of destruction have, as we trust, nearly come to an end; that Christians may have leisure for the tidings of salvation. They have long been wearied of the triumphs of ambition; they will now enjoy the triumphs of the Cross.

N. W.

PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 9, 1817.

To the Public....The editor returns his sincere thanks for the subscriptions to this paper lately received, and acquaints the public generally that complete sets may still be had, for which subscriptions will be received on the original terms, at the usual place, No. 157, south Eleventh street. Distant subscribers, as before announced, will receive their papers *post-paid*, on forwarding an amount to the editor, not less than two dollars, for six months in advance.

MONEY WANTED.

A loan of one, two, or three hundred dollars, would enable a young beginner, well recommended, to prosecute his business with credit to his friends and advantage to himself and family. A good interest would be allowed, and payment secured by mortgage. Should any humane capitalist be disposed to favor him in this manner, a line addressed to Y. B. and left at the Bush-hill Printing Office, will be attended to immediately.

MARRIED, in Ontario county, New York, Mr. Ezekiel Fulsom, aged 13 years, to Miss Lucy Fitch, aged 16, daughter of Ebenezer Fitch, D.D.



*"Oft from her careless hand, the wandering muse,
"Scatters luxuriant sweets, which well might form,
"A living wreath to deck the brows of time."*

[For this Museum.]

The Fiddle.

"SE RIGOLER!—SE RIRE!—QUID RIDES?"

SCRAPE II.

In imitation of divers modern poets and poet-esses.

ELIZA AND JEMMY.--A BALLAD.

The moon was pale, the clouds were light,
The stars were twinkling all;
The sun appear'd no longer bright,
Because 'twas dreary all.

The sun had heav'd its latest sigh,
And sunk to regions blest;
And maybe, too, its favorite sky
Drank its last tears to rest!

The stormy clouds were overhead,
And ah! foretold a storm;
The cattle flew to every shed,
To keep their bodies warm.

The candles burn'd as candles burn,
And gave a little light:
The cock did crow to see them burn,
As if 'twere morning light!

When dear Eliza walked out,
To meet her lover gay;
But, oh! she need not walk so stout,
For Jemmy's no more gay!

And far she did not quickly go,
Nor long she gaz'd the sky,
Ere thus was known her grief to flow,
Ere thus she 'gan to cry:—

The night is dark, the wind does blow,
And all is cold and drear;
And all looks white because the snow
Has cover'd up my dear!

And since the snow has buried him,
While coming me to see,
And 'cause I came to look for him,
It now shall bury me!—

So Lizzy prest the shining snow,
Close by her lover's side:
And death soon laid her cruel low,
Else she had been a bride!

Because her Jemmy was not dead,
But only sleeping there:
And soon he woke with sober dread,
And found Eliza there!

And then he thus began to sigh,
And tell his grievous grief;
And then he 'gan to wipe his eye,
But tears gave no relief:—

No more that sun in yonder sky
Shall swell its sighs of light!
No more those stars shall dart or fly
Their beams in tears so bright!

If e'er I see another day
To witness such a scene,
Or leave this spot where now does lay
My dear Eliza Queen!

No! by this dark and snowy bank
The cold shall freeze me dead,
And glue me fast to Lizzy's shank
Before her warmth is fled!—

So Jemmy fell upon her frame,
And died upon her nose!
And when the snow congeal'd each flame,
They fast together froze!

HUMPHREY CLINKER.

N.B.—Those who have not had the pleasure to see
or feel my *first* scrape, may search for it in the ruins
of literature!—I gave it to the world when I was
young, and had no wife to preserve my labors!—H.C.

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